

THE BACKSLIDER

Entry No. 69 in Our Prize Story Competition

BY KATE JORDAN

THE two women came slowly down the path from the warden's gate to the road. At the last turn they stopped abruptly as if from a spoken suggestion and looked back at the prison. The same thought had come into the mind of each. For the first time since conviction Hugh seemed to have passed from them finally into a land of utter strangeness, a gray place of silence. This had been their first visit to the prison. They had seen him in the livery of disgrace, numbered—and yet they lived!

"Of what are we made, Janet, that we can still keep to the routine of existence after this?" his mother quavered. "Why aren't we dead? Or why aren't we running mad through the world?"

Janet's gray eyes were strained and heavily calm in her marble-pale face as she stared at the granite walls. "Why? I wonder? You, his mother; I, his wife!" She turned sweetly to the elder woman, clasping her hands round her arm. "Perhaps, dear, it has been decreed that grief shall not kill us; that we shall stay healthy and sane, to be his comfort."

A radiance of the soul overspread the mother's face, transfiguring the vague eyes under the lids that seemed to have sagged from a weight of tears. She listened with craving. "Yes, Janet? Tell me more."

"From today, mother, we begin another life. We two stand apart. The rest of the world will only circle round us. We shall be separate, soul to soul, heart to heart, strapped together,—you and I, mother, in one worship, one belief."

"Hugh, Hugh!" the mother sighed in minor ecstasy. "Our beloved is there," Janet continued: "the State has taken him. Our reason for living is the knowledge that he knows of our belief in him, knows we live close to him, wait for him, and that the hours we shall be permitted to spend with him are to be the little bridges of hope from month to month, year to year."

"The long, long years!" the mother sighed. "Ten!" "Perhaps not even nine," Janet said in a thrilling tone. "Hugh will be very wise and very good, and they will reward him."

After this they went on, arm in arm, silent, until the white, seven shuttered cottage about a quarter of a mile from the prison was reached. This was their new home, as close as might be to their hearts' desire.

ALMOST a year went by in the white cottage. The two women lived in their thoughts and in frequent speech of Hugh. The placid, regular days were like a peaceful sea; but with a gulf stream beneath it, a burning vein,—the approach of visiting day at the prison and the memories left by it when it had passed.

Mrs. Faraday never knew exactly when she first noticed the change in Janet. After she noticed it she had a feeling that she had felt it for days, perhaps weeks, before, a vague, disturbing thing, like the senses' acute knowledge of an approaching presence before it is seen. At any rate, when she first said to herself, "Janet is somehow different," it was as if familiar hands had led her from a firelit place into the cold and she had been left standing there alone. She and Janet had been more than close to each other. This tragedy to Hugh, this bitter, unjust thing, this cruelty of life, had fairly melted them together. Nothing else had been real to them. As is the way to eyes that have looked into the abyss, the world had faded to a blur, its ambition and activity seeming as trivial as the industry agitating an anthill. So what could have changed Janet? Nothing new had happened. Suspense was over. There was only the waiting. What then could agitate Janet to make her sit, as she often did these days, like stone, deaf like stone, but with staring, burning eyes? If she found she had been noticed, she would rouse herself and smile, and be even more comforting than usual; but this did not alter the fact that her face was taking on a disquieting look, an iron look. She was somehow different.

Mrs. Faraday set herself to study the matter. No news could have reached Janet to unsettle her faith in Hugh's innocence. During the year there had been only three journeys to the city, and they had gone together. There they had remained together except for a few hours once, when she had waited in the parlor of a hotel while Janet had visited an old woman, a pensioner of hers. Always an early riser, she saw the mail first: no letter seeming curious had arrived. There were other positive, reassuring signs that her devotion to Hugh remained pure and whole,—the small silver vase that stood before his photograph was never without its spray of fresh flowers, a material symbol of her adoring memory, and, even though just before the regular visit to the prison she would draw into herself as if she pulled the curtains down upon her soul, and shut herself in with something secret, while with Hugh she would become her old self, confidential, almost gay in her dominant cheerfulness, and full of small concerns for his comfort. When the visit was over animation would begin to fade from her, until gradually she would slip back into her stony calm, and live, as Mrs. Faraday's uneasy eyes could see, in herself.

Before her marriage Janet had been a progressive, ambitious girl, a magazine writer of reputation. Afterwards she had continued to write; but only when some vitally insistent idea had urged her to it. It had not been necessary for her to work for the money; for Hugh

had been rich. In these present days they still had enough for the reasonable luxuries that so easily become necessities. Her father sent her a comfortable income, and Mrs. Faraday had her life interest from the trust that safeguarded the small fortune left by her husband. An inclination to write was visibly the only spur to Janet. Nevertheless, she began regular and hard work, often lasting until late at night. She brimmed with some purpose. Work became a habit. She made large sums of money; yet never seemed to have any more than her quarterly remittance.

Mrs. Faraday gave up trying to understand. She was troubled; but only in a blunt way, since the one thing that was of any real importance to her was secure,—Janet's loyal love for Hugh.

BUT when two years had passed and spring was coming, the indefinite uneasiness took on the horny, unyielding crust of the definite. Janet missed one visiting day at the prison. It was true she had a violent headache; but Mrs. Faraday was inwardly outraged. A few weeks after this there was another headache; another day was missed. The headaches became habitual. Yet during her occasional visits to Hugh she would be so affectionate in her manner, so tenderly regretful of the illness that had kept her from him, that it was impossible not to forgive her. After such times the two women would journey home, arm-linked, the old bond of the spirit back, almost in its early perfection.

But this would not last. In the days following, just as surely as a pendulum that swings one way must return to swing the other way, so the something about Janet for which Mrs. Faraday could find no explanation would show its head again. She was the kindest, the most attentive, of daughters. When they spoke of Hugh she always said something that touched and pleased. She was good, loyal, and affectionate. But there was, just as surely, another Janet, a shadowy one, one that came and went. The hidden face was never seen. But in that house there was a third woman, not understood, who aroused awe, even fear.

AND then without any preparation there came a day when Mrs. Faraday felt that she and this secret woman stood face to face. Janet's younger sister Dora came from Montreal to the white house with the green shutters. A few days after her arrival Mrs. Faraday listened to words that she felt, at first, were beyond belief, although Janet sat before her, grave eyed and tender, and held her hands while she spoke them.

"Mother, Dora has come to stay with you for a time." "To stay with us? That will be charming," Mrs. Faraday had answered, while behind the words her spirit waited in a prophetic expectancy.

"Not with us, dear, with you; for I am going away for awhile."

Mrs. Faraday had felt her face blanch, had felt her mouth stiffen. "No, this is impossible!" she was conscious of saying.

"I must go, mother. I can't explain—I'm restless. I'm going to Paris, to London; to write there—for a year, perhaps two." Janet had looked pitifully at the elder woman. Now she drew back in a dumb defiance. "You have peace here."

"And what have you?" "Stagnation. I can't endure it." "That's your explanation?" "Yes, mother."

Mrs. Faraday had risen. She was a small woman; but she had become a judge who takes the measure of a backslider. Janet gazed at her, thrilled. Passion had come back to the small, frail body. The fires of youth were in the stretched eyes. She pointed through the open window, down the road, to where a patch of the prison's gray roof could be seen.

"My peace lies in being near—that. So should yours. It doesn't. I've seen this coming. You've often frightened me. I've often felt I didn't know you." She took a long breath. "I know you now." There was a shivering comprehension in her eyes. "You are one of the women of today, what heart you started with gone to brain. You can't love. I'm of another time, and I thank God for it. I can love!" Her heart seemed to split on the cry; but her body did not weaken.

"I'm sorry, mother," said Janet, her face inflexible. "I'm sorry to disappoint you; but, even though you judge me so severely, I must go or I shall die."

Mrs. Faraday made a blind sort of gesture that held



"Why Aren't We Running Mad Through the World?"

excommunication and farewell in it and passed out of the room.

For a few moments Janet sat in a rocklike calm. Then she stumbled to the window and looked down the road to the angle of gray roof. Her mouth opened and closed on cries. She twisted her hands as if she would tear them from the wrists. She was like a dumb woman battling for speech. By degrees the paroxysm passed. Her body rested, a dead weight, against the inside shutters of the window. She still gazed at the prison's roof.

Her farewell visit to Hugh was made alone. She told him of her restlessness, and asked him to forgive her for going away. He was reasonable, gentle. He understood, he said, and urged her to go. She promised to write to him by every ship. She would not say the word "goodby," nor allow him to say it. A week later she sailed.

Mrs. Faraday's last words had been calm and of attenuated encouragement. "Forgive what I said to you. I shall try to understand you, Janet. I cannot now. But I do see that, in spite of this act of yours that staggers me, you love my son. For that I shall try to understand you. It is my duty."

THE years went by tonelessly. Janet did not come back. Her sister stayed in her place, sometimes relieved by a niece of Mrs. Faraday's. Letters came often to the little white house with the green shutters, and regularly long, delightful letters reached Hugh. This was at first. Gradually they became less frequent. Then they would cease for weeks, and begin again haltingly. Longer lapses followed. Once no word but a few cablegrams reached them for months. From the news they received it was evident that Janet had thrown herself into work. It had made much travel necessary. She had become like a machine, she said. She also said it kept her from thinking.

Mrs. Faraday never uttered one unkind or critical word of Janet to Hugh, not even when she saw him made sad and wistful by her neglect. But she despised her with all the fury of a narrow, gentle nature against the profaner of its one, small sanctuary. And as her secret contempt and hatred for her grew, so did her passionate adoration of her son, the feeling intensified by his wrongs, by his greater need of her. He had become her child again; all hers, her heart his only shelter.

HUGH gained his freedom close to Christmas. Janet might have returned for such a doubly joyous holiday; but she did not. It was then that Hugh wrote her a dignified and very brief letter in which one phrase occurred, "I have not spoken of this to mother; but I believe you want to separate from me. Am I right?" The reply to this was a cablegram, early in the year, "I am coming home."

They did not know the time of her sailing nor the ship. On a day close to February, when the world was a glare of white and the sky a glare of blue, Janet stepped from the train. No one at the station knew her. Hugh and his mother had left the village built about the prison, and, prior to his going to the far Northwest, where he had a most promising chance for a successful future, had taken rooms in a hotel in a small Connecticut town. She turned from the drivers of rickety surreys who tried to capture her by hooked finger and cajoling look, and walked up the main street. Once on a delightful, summer ramble she had stayed with Hugh for a day at this pretty village hotel; so she knew her way. The afternoon was at highest splendor when she went into the square, cozy hall and asked for Mrs. Faraday, adding, "But don't announce me. I am expected."

She walked up the stairs and along the narrow, red



Hugh Had Passed Into a Gray Place of Silence.

carpeted passages until she came to the numbered door. Just beyond it in a niche there was a small window through which the room could be seen. The afternoon sun was so bright that the place was disclosed with the vividness that comes to a glass negative held to the light. There was also a leaping fire which added to the illumination.

Janet's hands clutched each other in her muff as she saw there Hugh and his mother. They were beside a small table set between the fire and the window. Hugh, looking strange in new, dark clothes, his face singularly white and bony, was smoking, his knees crossed in a leisurely way while he wrinkled his brow as a boy would above a picture puzzle spread out before him. Mrs. Faraday sat opposite to him; but turned so that she partly faced the window. She had been sewing. The heaped whiteness was in her lap, her hands crossed on it. Her eyes were on her son—restfully, happily, adoringly. The keynote of the scene was peace. Janet closed her eyes a moment. Her lips moved on a silent word.

In order to prepare them the knock was the six crisp taps that had been a familiar signal between them. There was a pause. She could fancy them looking at each other, both slipping on invisible armor before the admission of the woman who had been tested by the acid of affliction and found counterfeit. It was Mrs. Faraday who pulled the door open. Janet had always thought she looked like Whistler's mother in his famous portrait, and now at the gentleness and sweetness of the lifted face her heart felt faint with love. Before Mrs. Faraday could prevent she had wrapped her in her arms and had kissed her with passionate tenderness on the lined brow, on the cheek that had the glazy, spongy softness of age, and several times on the puckered, patient, little mouth. It was the last time she would kiss Hugh's mother. She knew that.

Mrs. Faraday seemed to melt from her arms and went to an inner room. She was left facing Hugh, who was standing up straight and regarding her with a level, quite cold, and wholly puzzled gaze.

"Well, Janet?" he said crisply. "So you've come back." She nodded and held out her hand. It was the greeting of a friendly man. There was not a trace of woman in it, nor in her look. She was pale, and there was moist-

ure on her lashes; but Hugh knew these were from the meeting with his mother.

"I'm glad you're back in the world again, Hugh," she said sincerely, and added, "I want to talk to you."

"And I," said Hugh, the word delicately tipped with accusation, "want to talk to you."

"Let us go for a walk," she said. "I can tell you better out there." She pointed to the window, where the blinding gold of the west struck on the brain like a flare of trumpets.

A SHORT distance from the main street they entered a road without a house on it, where the hard snow twinkled into the distance like a vast ermine skin sewed with brilliants. There was scarcely any breeze. The prongs of the evergreens gave only the faintest brushing sound. From the unseen beach, not far off, came fluty, sighing whispers from the strengthless ripples. They seemed to have the world to themselves.

One of the bars of a stile had fallen to rest on the lower ones, this forming a niche that made a seat against the post. Janet snuggled into it, and Hugh took up a restful position against a tree a few feet away.

"Don't try to spare my feelings," he said, meeting her long, grave gaze. "You see," his smile was tintured with imputation, "I read you so easily."

"Then suppose you tell me," Janet said quietly. "It will simplify matters."

He shrugged. "At first you found you didn't care quite enough for me to sacrifice almost ten years of your life to me. Afterward, when you cut loose from me, you found you could get on most comfortably without me at all."

"So I have succeeded!" Janet said and smiled, her face radiant and white. "I wanted you to think that."

He roused himself and gave her a look that was almost angry. "But still you are a puzzle," he exclaimed with heat. "What I've said is true; yet some of your words and actions have been queer from the beginning."

"And yet how clearly you'll begin to understand when I speak one name!" Janet said in a voice that was flatly businesslike. "Celia Doane!"

She saw a hard convulsion run through him. It left him rigid, staring at her. To utter a sound was beyond him. "I see you are absolutely unprepared," Janet went on.

"She was so unimportant, ignorant, and friendless, and so far away! Her story is so old the details are wearisome. One wonders that the city villain and the country dupe that Hogarth pictured can still exist. Poor, little Celia Doane! She had really believed that she was married to you, and that I was the cheated one—until we met." She answered the steady, dumb inquiry of his eyes. "She had come to New York to work. After struggles she found herself close to want; yet she had a despairing desire still to live. She knew no one; so she wrote to me." Janet gazed at him blankly. "I saw her once—a little, pale thing out of one of Greuze's canvases." She gazed at him in a sort of wonder. "You had the heart of a wolf," she said blankly. "There's another side—" he began.

She brushed the words away. "I'm not telling you this to invite a defense; merely that you'll know. The really vital thing is to come." She said these last words with such a blaze in them and in her white face, he answered her with a look of confusion. "I found Celia had a talent for drawing. By earning extra money I was able to send her to Paris. While I was with your mother our correspondence was sheltered under envelopes belonging to my publisher. I followed her to Paris. I've made her my charge. She is going to be successful, and I've grown to love her dearly." She spread out her hands. "And so, no more of Celia!" She stood up here and came close to him. Her eyes had such a big, conclusive charge in them that words burst from him before he was aware of it:

"You—know!"

"Yes. That followed shortly after. You remember getting a letter from Sefton the night before he fled in disgrace as if the earth had gulped him? He advised you to go with him. It was very clear why. He could see how the other members of the firm might have a chance; but you as the chief trustee of the purloined estate were, to use his own words, 'in it up to the neck, even more than I am.' There was more of this sort, the language of a confederate."

He saw the uselessness of anything but truth. "Where did you find it?" he asked in a bitter breath as he moistened his lips nervously. "I thought I tore it up."

"We brought your old desk with us when we went to live near the prison. The letter was torn; but most of it was there, and it had stuck behind one of the drawers. Fumbling about it one day, I pulled it out." A dreary smile went over her face. "It was then that my headaches began, and as much as I could I kept away from you."

He waited, expecting a burning retrospect in words to rise before him,—the wound, the shock, the agony, and then the slow eating hour by hour and day by day of the bitter bread of disillusion as she knew him for what he was,—a weakling in honor, a liar in love, a thief. But she said nothing of the old suffering that he knew must have been; for she had loved him deeply and trusted him absolutely.

"Do you wonder why I didn't tell you then?" she asked in a voice that was slow, dreamy.

"Yes," he said, rousing himself, "why didn't you? And," his curiosity becoming sharp, "why didn't you give your true reason for going away?"

"Now we have come to the vital thing I spoke of. I didn't want your mother to know," she said simply.

"But you might have told me."

"No; for you would surely, in some softened moment, have told her."

"But," he faltered, "that would have cleared you to her."

"And I didn't want to be cleared to her." Her voice had exaltation in it. "You don't understand yet?" she asked in wonder. "It is this: I covered up every trace of Celia, of the fact that you were paying justly for your crime or criminal experiments with other people's money—call it what you like—just to spare your mother. I let her come gradually to doubt me, then to abhor me—just to spare her. Now you know."

"I see," he said quietly, and after a pause added, "That was kind of you. But," and into his throat there came a fullness of tears that was own brother to the sweet mercy of her eyes, "she will know now. Yes, now she will know!"

"She is never to know!" said Janet, each word like the blow of a mallet on steel.

"How can it be helped?" he asked in amazement. "You will give your reasons—"

"No," she smiled, "you will give yours. In a Western State my desertion will be enough to free you from me. Use that."

But what there was of manhood in him lifted its head. "You think I'll accept this cloak, let you bear the edge of this? I know instinctively that my mother judges you severely. Am I going to remain silent now and let her hate you?" He looked a misery that elevated him in her eyes—those eyes that by the shedding of secret tears had been made to see so clearly. "I am not so base as that," he added in a breath.

Janet went close to him and laid her hand on his arm. "Hugh," she said, and her voice held the most penetratingly sweet notes he had ever heard, "in everything else but this I am miles and miles away from you. In this we still stand together. Your mother must never know the truth about you."

"You want to sacrifice yourself for her?" he said, and knew her then as never before.

"Yes—for her." She thrilled. "Why not? Is there

Continued on page 16



"Hugh, In This We Still Stand Together."



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"1952"—THE DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL

Continued from page 5

could tell me of some nice easy book, a sort of primer of the law. I thought I'd try to read up a little tonight, so as to be ready for my duties tomorrow."

And I thought his reply so tactful, so sweet too. "Oh, I shouldn't bother. Just trust to woman's instinct, you know."

"Yes," she laughed, "that's really better, I suppose."

I think she gets on so easily with men that she'll work for bisexual politics. But I wish I felt sure about the meaning of that confidential talk she had later with Blake.

I've been sitting by my window and looking out on the world flooded with moonlight. Straight before me is the dear little old Washington Monument half hidden by the newer, bigger things. The night is warm and the air is full of gay, laughing motoring parties whose lights flash, to and fro across the sky. Perhaps it's a happy world; but I keep wondering if it wasn't happier in those old days when they built that darling, cunning little monument and love was easier perhaps, and simpler.

Oh, I'm frightened! Father has just sent for me to come down stairs for a very important conference. What can it be? What can it be?

Later the Same Evening.

THIS was what the forebodings of the afternoon meant: the haunting sense that defeat threatened, that I might be called on to make some sacrifice, to do my poor all to avert calamity.

I went down to the dimly lit library, where Father and a dozen others, mostly younger men, were gathered like conspirators. I scarcely knew who they were. I saw Captain Norton, a few diplomats, old General Warren,—mostly men who'd seemed to like me, in several cases men who had wanted to marry me.

Father told me that I was admitted to a secret council of the Men's Party. And he told me the news. Vallance has deserted us, gone over to the other side. She came to Father. She was quite frank about it; I can even see, through my tears, that she was quite charming about it. She didn't of course pretend to defend the way Blake or her committee dressed; but she hopes to change all that. She said that until Blake pointed it out she hadn't realized that the appointment as Justice of the Supreme Court was for life, anyway, and that the Men's Party couldn't take it away from her now, even if they wanted to. Whereas, if she got tired of judging,—and, although she thought it was just too cunning now, she might get tired of it,—the Women's Party stood ready to give her anything she might want in return for her political influence. She might be Secretary of State, or a General, or an Admiral, or even perhaps later on a candidate for the presidency. So she had decided to be for Blake. Father appears to

have reminded her of her promise to him but Mrs. Vallance said she had consulted Blake about that, and that she had said that a promise was not a promise if given by a woman, and especially if it was to help men. And Mrs. Vallance said that she hoped Papa wouldn't be angry, but that Blake had made politics seem just too fascinating, and that anyhow she was just crazy to design some new dresses for the committee women, anyway. I have to admit that all she seems to have said sounds very logical to me; but I think it's horrid of her, and it leaves us in a dreadful position.

Everyone was absolutely plunged in gloom. They spoke in low tones. Occasionally I could just see the gleam of Jerry's gold lace across the room. And I kept wondering why they had sent for me. Soon enough, however, I knew.

Papa said that they had gone over the situation with his friends, and that unless Blake could somehow be induced to withdraw from her candidacy he would be beaten, that the sex would be beaten, and that perhaps never again would a man sit in the presidential chair. No one had been able to think of any possible way in which Blake could be persuaded. But Papa thought some way could be found. For his part, he was ready to promise anything in the President's power to the man who could do this, could save the party and the sex.

"And," Papa went on, "I've sent for you, Sylvia, because you've been not only my daughter, but my loyal friend, my pal. I've wondered if there were no reward that you would be willing to bestow on the man who would save us."

I stood trembling, not yet guessing what he meant. Then I saw Jerry Norton come forward a little into the circle of light in the middle of the room.

"He means, Miss Sylvia," he said gently, "that there isn't a man of us here who hasn't wanted to marry you."

I stood silent for a moment, my eyes on his. Then I heard Papa's voice.

"Of course you understand, Deary, that the present boycott the Women's Party has put on marriage gives you an exaggerated value just now. Still, I think any way you'd win them. Will you do this for me, little girl?"

Then Jerry spoke again in the darkness. "Will you make the prize the best thing in the world?"

And I spoke, half dazed. "Yes, I will," I said. "I will marry the man who can make Blake give up her campaign."

Then it all broke up in their crowding around with talk and congratulations and laughs. And then I slipped away. By the door stood Jerry.

"It's going to be I, you know," he said.

I blushed, and then, "It's got to be you, Dear," I said.

To be concluded next Sunday

THE BACKSLIDER

Continued from page 7

anything better? What does it matter about me? I came into your life when you were a man. Let her stone me, cast me out as unworthy, a backslider—what does it matter, Hugh? But you came into her life almost forty years ago,—a morsel of herself, her dream, her glory. She has not long to live, Hugh, not long. She must live those years believing you have always been like her dream of you. I, who am really a stranger to her, except that I loved you once, can leave her that dream to the end. And so must you, her son. Promise me! Don't let all I've done blow away to nothing. Let her condemn me, Hugh. Let her die loving you, believing in you." She fairly clutched him. Her eyes were a fanatic's. "The mother love in her has the whiteness, the perfection, of Heaven. Soil it, wound it, and she'll die in torment. I am young still. My life is still going to mean a great deal to me. Hers is closing. She must adore you, believe in you, to the end."

She waited. The white road was silent. Then she saw a bitter thing. Hugh was weeping into his hands as a child weeps.

"I never knew you before today, Janet. Oh, I wish I had! I wish I had. I am ashamed."

"Never mind us," she insisted. "You give me your promise?"

He saw that it put a meaning into life for her. "She shall never know," he said in a broken whisper. "As long as I live I'll be

what she believes me always to have been."

They said goodbye simply. There was no hesitation, no complication. He had lost her long ago. He watched her through the whiteness until the blazing marquetry of the sunset swallowed her dark figure.

Later, at home, he felt the twist of the screw. He told his mother they had parted. She eyed him like a mother robin.

"And you, dear? You, my son? Does it make you unhappy?" she asked. Unselfish passion, a white glow, palpitated in her face. Her hands were strained up to reach his shoulders; for she was a small woman.

"No, mother. I expected it. I am not unhappy."

"Then," she said contentedly, "it doesn't matter. We'll never speak of her again. Kiss me—my dear, my baby, my own."

HIS TEMPORARY NAME

WHAT name have you given your last born, Dick? asked a Southern man of a negro in his employ.

"Me an' mah wife has decided to call him Elijah Pro Tem Morgan," answered the negro, with an air of pride.

"Why Pro Tem?"

"Dat's to show dat de mddle name is only temporary, Sah," explained the fond parent. "We kinder thought Elijah might like to choose his own name when he grew up, an' so we throwed in Pro Tem to show him whar to put 'em."

It's Baker's and It's Delicious



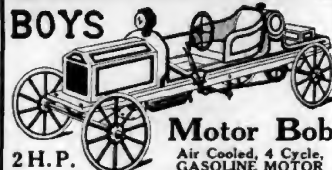
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